

Bitter Sweet

VOL. SIX, NO. TEN
OCTOBER, NINETEEN HUNDRED AND EIGHTY THREE

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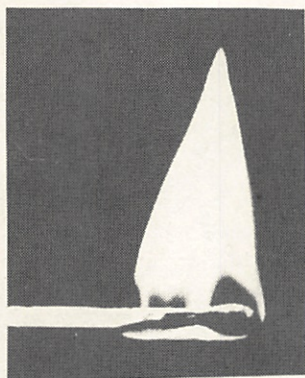
Bryant Pond's
Last Crank
Phone Call

Terry Steel:
Bridgton
Blacksmith
& Artisan

Humor by
Tim Sample



*Dodo
Knight*



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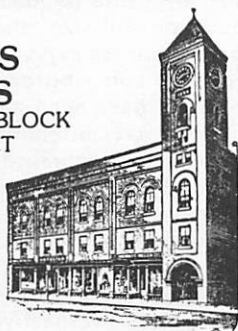
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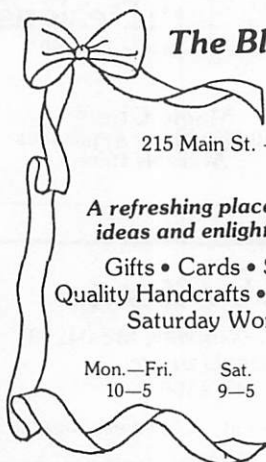
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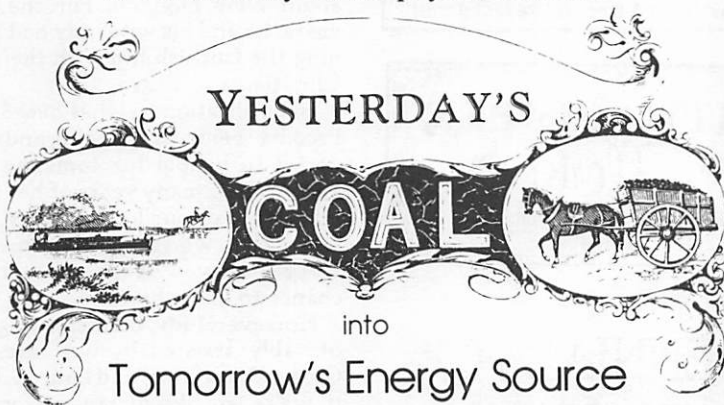
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BitterSweet Views

NEWS BOTH SWEET AND BITTER

The announcement for the future of the magazine is good: it will continue, back at its full size, with more color, more pages, more sales people, and a better deal for the contributors, too. The news couldn't have been better at the first of October as I contemplated the transfer of ownership of *BitterSweet* from the old publishers to the new—George and Judy Moneyhun of Cornish, Maine, and Elaine Dougherty of Florida. Press releases had gone out to local newspapers around New England. The new sales staff had hit the roads to tell prospective advertisers about our magazine.

But, while the news for the future of the magazine remains sweet, we have all been saddened by the sudden loss of George Moneyhun, just a few days after the signing of the transfer papers. He was a kind, quiet man, dedicated to the craft of writing. He had been for many years a journalist and editor with the *Christian Science Monitor* and was author of a novel about New England. For the past few years, he and his wife Judy had been running the Cornish Inn with their children Christian and Tanya.

His dedication to what *BitterSweet* could become seemed unflagging and was wonderful to behold for someone who has dedicated so many years of her life to the pursuance of our local literary charms. I know that we will miss him, and I am sorry that you readers never had the chance to know him.

However, Judy, Elaine, and I go bravely on, ably assisted by our sales staff of Glory, Diane, Sue, and Lauren. It looks as if we're an all-woman magazine now, doesn't it? Well, that may be, but we have files full of male resources too. We hope that you will buy the new *BitterSweet* (and give it as gifts to your friends all over the country). Watch for our colorful, big November/December issue, which will be followed by a January/February issue, and nine more in 1984. You can subscribe today. Just send \$15 for a new subscription to P.O. Box 6, Norway, ME 04268.

Nancy Chute Marcotte, Editor

CAN YOU PLACE IT?

The free subscription prize for identifying our September mystery picture goes

to Florice Cummings of West Paris, who wrote:

"The scene is Oxford County Fair on the land on the corner Route 26 and Fair Street, by the intersection of the light. Oxford Hills High School is now located there. The Oxford County Fair is now located behind Carrick Motors, Oxford... I can remember going to the fair there as a small child."

So can I, as the fair was there until the mid 1960's, when the land was taken by eminent domain to build the high school (opened in Feb. of 1967, my senior year). Also writing to confirm this location were Jennie Kilponen, Mildred Irons, Henry W. Morton, Charles Rice of South Paris; and Ralph Watson of Norway.

We are always looking for old pictures, postcards, etc. to use in our *Can You Place It?* feature. We will take care with them and return them if you send a self-addressed stamped envelope. Mail them to P.O. Box 6, Norway, ME 04268.

GOINGS ON

Westbrook College

Weds. Oct. 12: *Evening Elegance*, an exhibition of gowns from 1860-1960 from the college Costume Collection will be on display until Nov. 17 at Alexander Hall Gallery. Hrs.: Sun.-Thurs. 1-4 p.m.

Weds. Oct. 19: *Rufus Jones, World-wide Quaker from Maine* by Prof. Richard Bowman, Wing Lounge, Alexander Hall, 2 p.m.

Weds. Oct. 26: *A Doll's House* by Henrik Ibsen, The 1973 film starring Jane Fonda, Trevor Howard. Moulton Theatre 7:30 p.m.

Weds. Nov. 2: *My Career As A Novelist* by Martin Dibner. Wing Lounge, Alexander Hall, 2 p.m.

Weds. Nov. 16: *Ram Island Dance Company Dress Rehearsal*. Contact Mrs. MacArthur for information: 797-7261.

Hupper Art Gallery

Oct. 23-Nov. 13: *Gail Rein, Portrait Artist* from Bryant Pond. Nov. 18-Dec. 10: *Student Art Show*. Hebron Academy. Hrs.: 9-3 Mon.-Fri., 7:30-9:30 p.m. Sun.-Thurs. when school's in session. Tony Montanaro is "artist-in-residence" this year. Watch for more information.

Hobe Sound Galleries North

Thru Oct. 8: Contemporary artists of the northeast, including Denny Winters, John Muench, Cabot Lyford. A Payson Art Enterprise, 1 Milk St., Portland. (207) 773-2755.

LPL Plus APL

Oct. 29: *Hartford Ballet* at Lewiston Jr. High, 8:30 p.m. Reserved seating, tickets \$15 patrons, \$8, \$6 (\$2 off students & sr. citizens).

Cross Roads

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Cover: The White Charger by Dodo Knight.



Art by Dalmar McPherson, Gorham

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Film Series: *La Traviata* on Oct. 16 (Italian);
Say Amen Somebody on Nov. 13 (American gospel
singer Willie Mae Ford). Sundays at 2 p.m.,
Promenade Mall Cinema. \$3 adult, \$2 student
(\$3.50, \$2.50 advanced sale). Write 36 Oak St.,
Lewiston.

Jones Gallery, Sebago

Thru Nov. 8: end of the Rose Palette glass
exhibit. Closed for the season that date.

Bates College

Oct. 27, 28, 29, ; Nov. 4 & 5: *Vina: Three Beach
Plays* (Chile) 8:00 p.m., Schaeffer Theatre.
Admission: \$3 general, \$1.50 students. Call
786-6161 for reservations. (Oct. 30 at 2 p.m.)

Nov. 1: *Music & Ideas: An Interdisciplinary Quest*
by New England Piano Quartet, Bates' modern
dance instructor Marcy Plavin, and Paul Kuritz
of the theatre dept. Dance Studio, 8 p.m. Free.

Nov. 6: *Bates College Chamber Orchestra* con-
ducted by William Matthews. Chapel, 8 p.m.

Nov. 10: *Novelist Margaret Smith Dickson* (Bates
graduate) will read from her recent book,
"Octavia's Hill." Chase Hall Lounge, 8 p.m.
Free.

Joan Whitney Payson Gallery

Thru Nov. 13: Photographs by *Len Jenshel* and
Drawings by *Polly Brown*. Westbrook College.
Forum A (University of Maine at Augusta)

Oct. 30: *Hartford Ballet* performing works of
American choreographers at Cony High Aud-
itorium. Call 622-7131, ext. 271 for info.

Nov. 9: *Dong Suk Kang*, Violinist will perform at
8 p.m., Jewett Hall Auditorium, U.M.A. For
reservations, call 622-7131, ext. 271.

Thru Nov. 11: Sculpture of *Roger Majorowicz*.
Jewett Hall Gallery.

Portland Museum of Art

Thru Oct. 30: *Winslow Homer* collection. Thru
Nov. 13: Tapestry by *Nancy Hemenway*. Thru
Dec. 13: *Marsden Hartley*.

The last week of October is National Fire
Prevention Week.



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YANKING THE CRANK

by Lauren MacArthur



Tuesday, October 11, 1983, will be a significant date in the legacy of Bryant Pond, Maine.

On that day the sleepy little village which backs up to a mountain and a lake both named Christopher joins the rest of the nation with "modernized" telephone service.

Bryant Pond's magneto crank phone system is the last of a species. And, as with anything that has been pleasant and is the last of its kind, it cannot pass without some tugging at the heart strings.

The crank phone system has been the "heart" of this town since way back in the 1890's when area farmers began to string lines from one home to another so they could communicate. Of course, at that time, they could only communicate with each other. Calls could not be placed except between households on the "line."

Eventually, the telephone company installed a central office in the town and communication began with the outside world. Things went along smoothly until around 1922 or so. Then the telephone company went bankrupt.

For a time, Bryant Pond was without telephone service except for a pay station New England Telephone Company installed at Carl Dudley's store. The only problem was the pay phone had to keep store hours—it was available from 6 a.m. to 6 p.m. only.

In the early 1940's, Herbert Meserve bought Dudley's store. He saw the potential for a telephone company in Bryant Pond and installed a switchboard at the

store and at his home, offering 24 hour service.

By the time Howard and Sylvia Judkins purchased the telephone company from Meserve it had a respectable 50 customers. The Judkins operated it for about five years until their retirement.

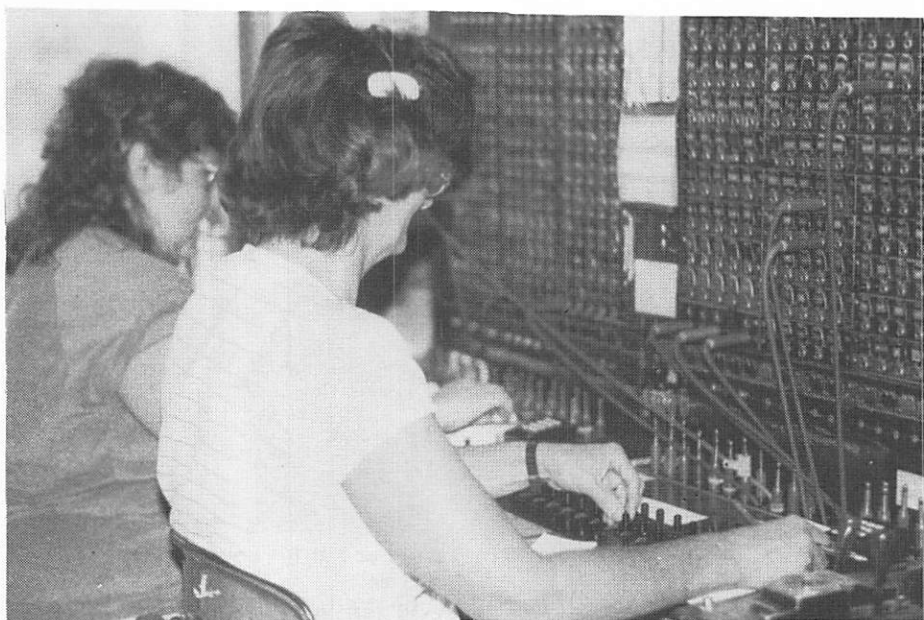
Eldon and Barbara Hathaway were suffering some bad luck right about that time. They had two small children and Eldon was laid off from the railroad. He was searching for some way to support his young family.

The Hathaways, in 1951, became the owners of the Bryant Pond Telephone Company. Eldon eventually went back to work for the railroad for many years, but by that time the Hathaways were heavily involved with the telephone company and couldn't give it up. They nurtured it right along with their growing family.

BRYANT POND PHONE COMPANY

Wilder wrote a tribute
To the talking dead,
But here the slender lines
Convey the life of all the town
And visitors in droves descend
To add to the renown
Of a breathing, vibrant thing
Sprung from out the past,
And a nation stops to grasp
The value and the worth of this,
The best, the lone, the last.

Larry Billings



Above: the last Bryant Pond operators, Susan Bean and Norma Davis

Their three children—Mike, Susan, and Linda (born the year after the family purchased the company)—grew up around the switchboards in their home.

Holidays were interesting. The family woke up very early Christmas morning to open their stockings; then they quickly opened their presents around the tree. They wanted to make sure they were through before the switchboards woke up. Thanksgiving and Christmas dinners were served near those boards so that no call went unanswered.

Eldon and Barbara Hathaway went into this business cold. They had no idea how to operate a telephone company. So after a brief indoctrination by its former owner, Eldon jumped in with both feet—which often got wet—and learned by trial and error.

It wasn't just a simple answer-the-call-and-connect-it-somewhere operation. Eldon had to do all the repairs, climb poles and string wires, etc. He had to do everything that needed to be done to keep his community communicating.

"Climbing poles in the winter—stringing line—with the wind blowing so hard you couldn't work," is one of the memories he has. "You could just hang on," says Eldon. Another memory is going way off into the woods to climb a pole, falling off, and being thankful he hadn't broken anything.

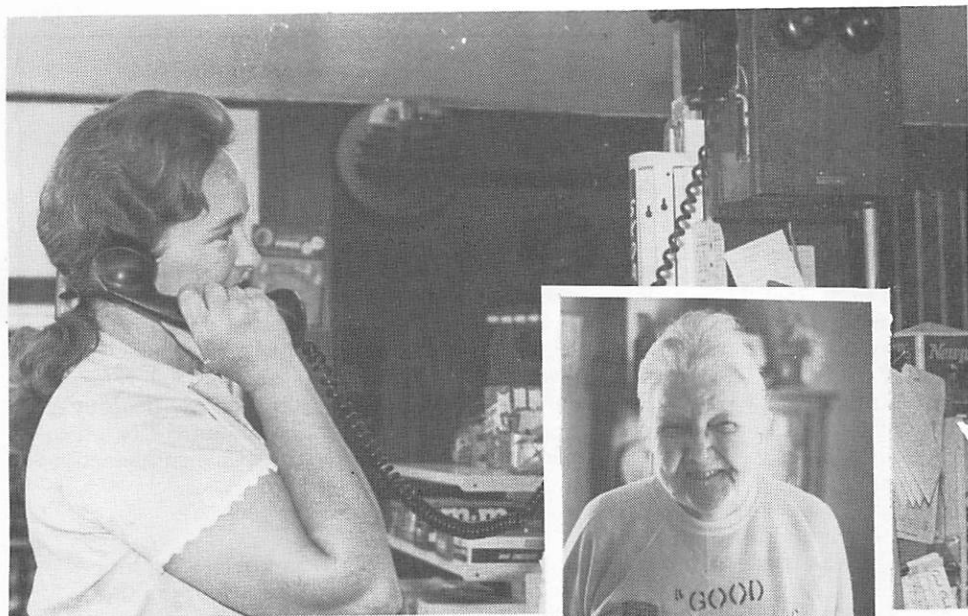
Operator Susan Bean grew up in Bryant Pond. Until she married and moved away for a time, she never knew any other telephone system. "It was a shock," she says, to find the way telephones were handled outside her hometown.

But everything changes. The town is growing. And Bean says she is "realistic" enough to realize the present system cannot handle the growing demands for telephone services.

"We could probably do it if we became more clipped (short in our conversation)," she explains, but feels that would not be beneficial to her neighbors.

Eighty-four-year-old Elsie Bryant shares a party line with her granddaughter, Nancy Foster. She says she is going to miss the old system because all she has to do right now to summon her granddaughter is to "crank the phone." Elsie has always had a crank phone and admits she is set in her ways. "New things are such a bother," she good-naturedly says about the upcoming change.

The Bryant Pond Telephone Company and its subscribers are truly like one big family. Everyone in town knows the operators and the operators know everyone in town. Calls are handled on a first name basis. Messages are taken for persons not at home. There has been a sense of security in this.



Rosanne Broomhall, above, talking on her crank phone.
Elsie Bryant, right, appeared on t.v.

"We've got what Ma Bell is trying to perfect—the personal touch," says Roseanne Broomhall, an employee at The Village Store. She says she definitely wanted the old system to stay at the time the "Don't Yank the Crank" movement was at its height. "But the service has deteriorated," she acknowledges, stating her special concern for the older people in town.

Whether or not something could have been done to save the system and at the same time keep up with a growing population and its demands is a moot question now.

There are those in town—especially those who sympathized with the "Don't Yank the Crank" movement—who are very disappointed that an answer was not found. But there are many others who look at the new system as a step forward.

As in all things, time will provide the answer. Bryant Pond is getting a new telephone system October 11th. And a part of the Bryant Pond family is being laid to rest.

Lauren MacArthur is a journalist who works for The North Conway Irregular. She lives in Oxford.

DON'T YANK THE CRANK MOVEMENT

A committee was formed by concerned citizens who wished to preserve the last magneto crank phone system in the nation.

They had hoped to raise enough money to buy the Bryant Pond Telephone Company and eventually have it declared a living museum.

It was hoped the Smithsonian Institute or a like foundation would be willing to continue its support. The committee felt the preservation of the system not only would have provided a needed history lesson for our nation but would have been an economic shot in the arm for Bryant Pond and the State of Maine. The committee made great strides. They were able to get a commitment of a large sum of money and they did raise over 16,000 dollars themselves toward their goal before the closing date was announced.

A LATE FALL SATURDAY IN WESTERN MAINE



It was a Saturday in October—the next to the last. The previous night the mountain tops had turned white, and today the wind left no doubt about the cold's advent. Thoughts about wood splitting, storm windows, and umpteen winter preparations whirled in the wind as fans proceeded to the field hockey arena.

Those are sharp mittens
young Patrick is wearing.
Who made them for him?

Oh, those were mine when I
was a baby. He has lots of things
like that.

his mother smilingly responded.

School colors, the blue of Telstar and the orange and black of Mexico zigzagged the field; girls warming up for the Mountain Valley Championship game. Fans from Oxford Hills and Mexico—even Dixfield—anxiously stood on the side lines, two or three people deep. And, of course, behind the fans, five through seven year olds played field hockey with a vengeance, content with their imitation of that which they were ignoring.

Oh! That must have hurt.
The stick hit her right
in the stomach.

There are no time outs
in field hockey—as in
football and basketball.

She patiently explained to her husband who was watching, for the first time, his petite daughter play.

The field was slippery. It had rained all yesterday and all night. But there were no puddles, and the field was regulation length and regulation lined. The Mexico fans were proud of that.

At halftime, the score was 0-0. The

talk was about the good playing; the even match. Mention was made of the fact that the Telstar coach used to teach at Mexico years back. Her replacement was here as a spectator. She refereed field hockey games now, no longer taught. A few parents hurriedly left to collect children involved in other activities but assured

I'll be right back.

The Mexico coach's parents
are here. Drove up from the
coast.

The sun came out, the wind picked up. The banking opposite the field blazed with fallen orange leaves.

Most of these Mexico girls
have played three sports
together since the sixth grade.
Most of them were on the MVC
Championship Softball Team.

The game went into a ten-minute overtime. The score remained 0-0. No one complained. Silence during the penalty stroke time. Telstar won 2-1.

They were in the 8th or 9th place
until they upset Dixfield.
Now they're the ones going on.

They're a good team—aggressive.
It was a good game.

The spectators rushed to their cars, the Telstar bus revved. The teams were still on the field, shaking hands.

Are you going to the
Homecoming Dance?

Feels like snow.

Don't forget to turn back
your clock.

*JoAnne Zywna Kerr
Weld*



The Ringing Of The Forge

Terry Steel: Bridgton Artisan/Blacksmith

by Pat White

Terry Steel is fanning more than embers into flame at his forge in Bridgton. He's bringing back to glowing life the ancient, honorable craft of architectural ironwork. Across the country, only a handful of other artisan-blacksmiths are doing the same.

Smithing is more than shoeing a horse or twisting a bar of iron into a coat hook—but when mass casting became cheap and readily available early in this century, large-scale handforged ironwork quickly disappeared as a viable alternative. Although it is far superior to cast iron in strength, durability (it is less brittle), uniqueness and beauty, the time and expense involved in its conception and production makes it impractical for ordinary purposes to those whose main consideration is, "What's it going to cost me?"

Steel's four most recent projects are:

For author Stephen King—270 feet of ornate fencing and two gates adorned with bats, spiders, and gargoyles, to grace his Victorian mansion in Bangor.

For a residential landscape—a daffodil gate with wooden accoutrements.

For an estate on the Eastern shore of Maryland—a balcony railing, a spiral staircase, and an inside railing filled in with ornate floral designs.

For the facade of a huge townhouse in Portland that is being renovated into condominium apartments—an elaborate iron grillwork such as you might see in New Orleans.

Projects such as these can take weeks to design and months to execute. Artistic impact notwithstanding, ornamental ironwork is primarily slow, painstaking, exacting work that can never be hurried—at any rate, not if you're in love with your craft, as is Steel, and want to be worthy of the title, "master."

There are no shortcuts. The bar is heated to a certain glowing shade of red and hammered (with an antique hammer, on an antique anvil, in the same manner used since King Tut's day) and reheated and hammered again—and again and

again. This procession of blows is what builds strength into the metal. The finished product is not something you pick up for "peanuts" at a factory outlet on a Saturday morning.

But then, fine art never has come cheap or easy. The ceiling of the Sistine Chapel wasn't exactly a paint-by-the-numbers job. Turner didn't capture "The Burning of the Houses of Parliament" (in searing oils that seem ready to ignite the canvas) on a slow Sunday. Hamlet wasn't written in a day; nor did Michaelangelo see, instantaneously, the exact twist of the hip necessary for a David to emerge from that tall, narrow block of perfect marble.

The design of the gates for Stephen King's fence gestated in Terry Steel's subconscious for months—giving him nightmares, waking him at three a.m., forcing him to remember and face every childhood terror he ever had and to relive his own private hell in Viet Nam—before it ever squirmed from his imagination and burst forth in as rush onto his drawing board.

And that was only the beginning. Even with apprentice Allen Dotson to help him, and, toward the end, assistance from "Taffy," a Peace Corps vet just back from building schools in South Africa, it took Steel and year and a half to complete the actual forging and installation of the fence and gates. Numerous short-term projects were sandwiched in, but still it is hardly a way to make a quick buck.

Ah, but the satisfaction! "I'll never stop doing this," Terry will tell you. "Nothing can top it for me, creatively. What you make is not only utilitarian, it's a thing of beauty that can reflect you as the artist,



and also the personality of the owner where it is being installed.

"I'm bursting with ideas! I want to do things with iron that have never been done before. It's exciting, too, to think of its durability. It can last for centuries." (A bid for immortality, maybe?)

Steel fell in love with ironwork as a kid, roaming around his hometown of Georgetown and Washington, D.C., admiring the Paley and Yallin gates, fences, and door knockers adorning the embassies and other prestigious dwellings; and the thumb latches, weather vanes, and window grilles.

"I looked up 'Blacksmith' in the phone books. There weren't any. I thought the craft was dead, and, to me, that seemed tragic."

But years later, after Viet Nam; after work as a studio photographer in New York, an aerial photographer for NASA, a ceramist who sculpted and made pots, and a silversmith and designer of jewelry, Steel found a blacksmith in Maryland who practiced the traditional methods brought to this country by immigrants, and almost lost to time. He apprenticed there until he felt ready to strike out on his own.

Then he came to Maine. His forge sits near his handbuilt house on North Road (off Rt. 117) in Bridgton. He's usually there, plunging a bar into the coals of the Russian stove, carrying it with tongs to the anvil where his muscular arms rhythmically begin the beating and pounding and bending of it to the desired shape. His hair is the color of iron at high heat. His pale blue eyes are lit with sparks like those flying from the relentless assault of the hammer on the glowing semi-viscous metal. When he speaks of his work and dreams, it is with a strange electric blend of reverence and passion.

It's easy to find his place. Just head out of Bridgton toward Denmark—and listen.

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The Wedding Day

Maggie had just sat down by the old cellar hole. How was it possible that now she saw a house there, and a man and a woman? And how was it possible that they didn't see her?

Fiction by Martha B. Shaw

Illustrations by Betsy Hanscom

The sun poured through the window onto the kitchen table, warming Maggie's arm as she held her coffee cup. She looked out the window toward the hills that glowed with late autumn brilliance. This wasn't the sort of day that just beckoned you outdoors—it literally drew you, like a magnet. And, just like a magnet, Maggie let herself be drawn.

"C'mon, Muff," she invited to the black and white dog at her feet. "We won't have many more days like this. Let's go out and get some fresh air and sunshine."

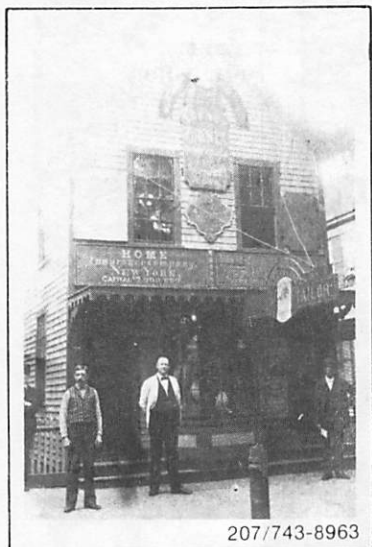
Muff needed no second invitation and waited, waggingly, at the door, while Maggie put her cup in the sink and put on a sweater.

They set off in the golden morning, Maggie walking briskly along an old farm

road that led to the woods; Muff tearing off after something wonderfully exciting, then back to Maggie to walk sedately and companionably for a while.

Magie followed the trail into the woods for a mile or so, until she came to a fork. The path to the left led to an old sawmill, then through some fields and farms and eventually to the main road. But the other path was one of her favorite walks, though she didn't often go that way as it was much longer. Today the sun dappled through the leaves on the trees and lured Maggie up the hill to the right.

She and Muff climbed the steep slope and came out of the woods onto a large, neglected field. The path they were on had once been a road leading to a small community, long gone and mostly forgot-



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ten. Maggie loved to walk along here and wonder what had become of the people and farms that had been there. She knew of three cellar holes, and old maps of the town allowed that there had been five homes near here.

Maggie walked along and turned into an old dooryard where a row of ancient gnarled maples still stood, proudly guarding a well-hidden cellar hole.

Maggie sat down on the huge granite slab which she supposed was someone's front doorstep once. The sun warmed her as she sat there gazing across the fields. She called Muff, but apparently Muff was off on an adventure of her own. There was only a gentle breeze, barely stirring the leaves in the trees, though many fluttered their way to the ground unaided. The only sound other than the rustling of the leaves was that of a couple of very busy squirrels doing their part to prepare for the coming winter. All was peaceful and quiet in the warm autumn sunshine, when Maggie thought she heard a new sound and an unusual one. She strained her ears to listen, and, sure enough, it was the sound of horses' hooves she heard.

Two horses, it was, pulling a wagon loaded with what seemed to be household goods. Two young men sat on the wagon seat and surprised Maggie very much when they turned the wagon in the drive that was now lined by a row of newly-set-out young maples. The tallest of the two men hopped down from the wagon, calling to his companion, "You tie the horses, I'll get the door."

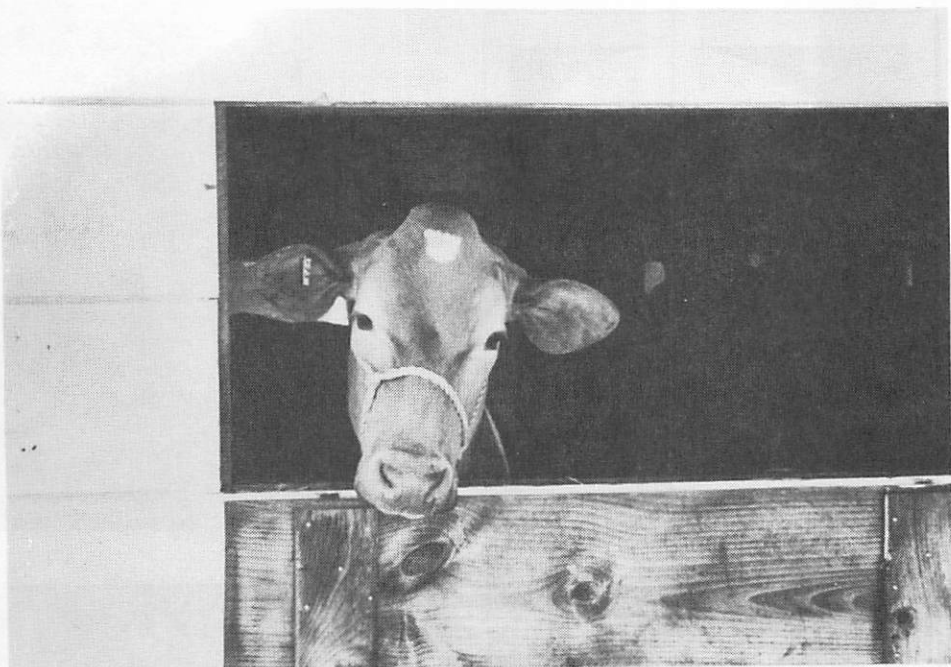
And with that he headed straight for Maggie, who tried to get out of the way but found she couldn't move or speak.

This giant of a young man paid her no mind, but ran up the step—not a foot from where she was sitting—and with a key unlocked and opened the door of the house on whose step she was sitting.

He strode quickly through the house and soon came out again, calling that they'd better hurry up and get the wagon unloaded.

Together the two men hastily unloaded the dressers, tables, chests, and a bed from the wagon; and took it all into the house as quickly and carefully as they could. When the wagon was empty, they

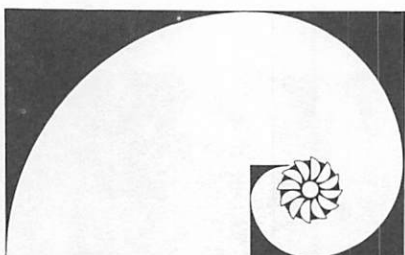
Page 24 . . .



At Fryeburg Fair

Photo Essay by Dodo Knight





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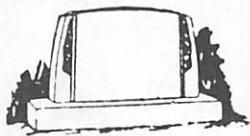
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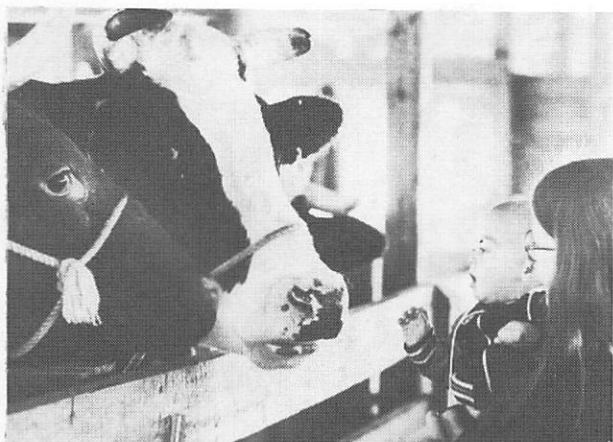
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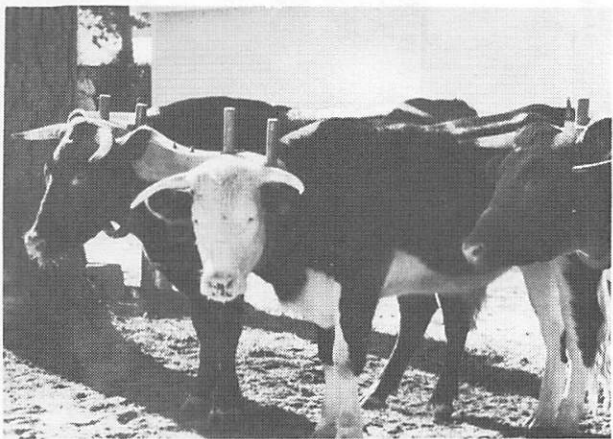
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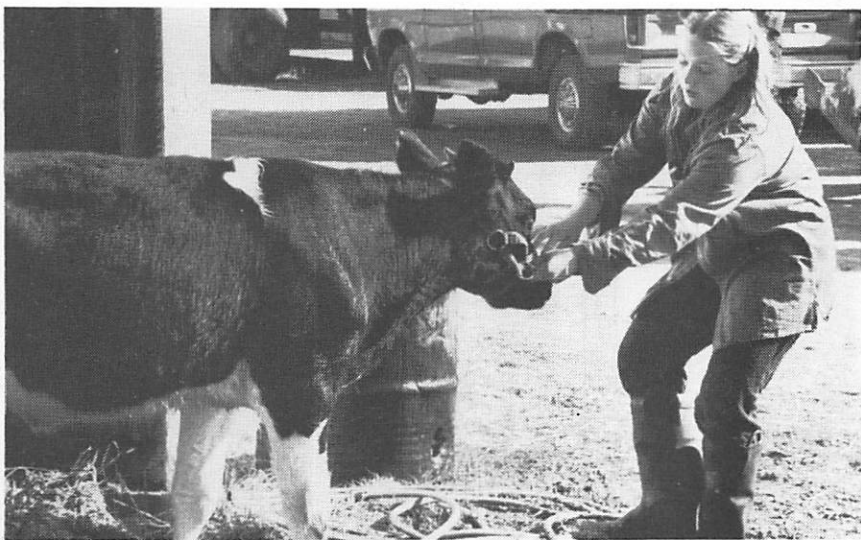
The West Oxford Agricultural Society holds its annual fair in Fryeburg during the first week of October.

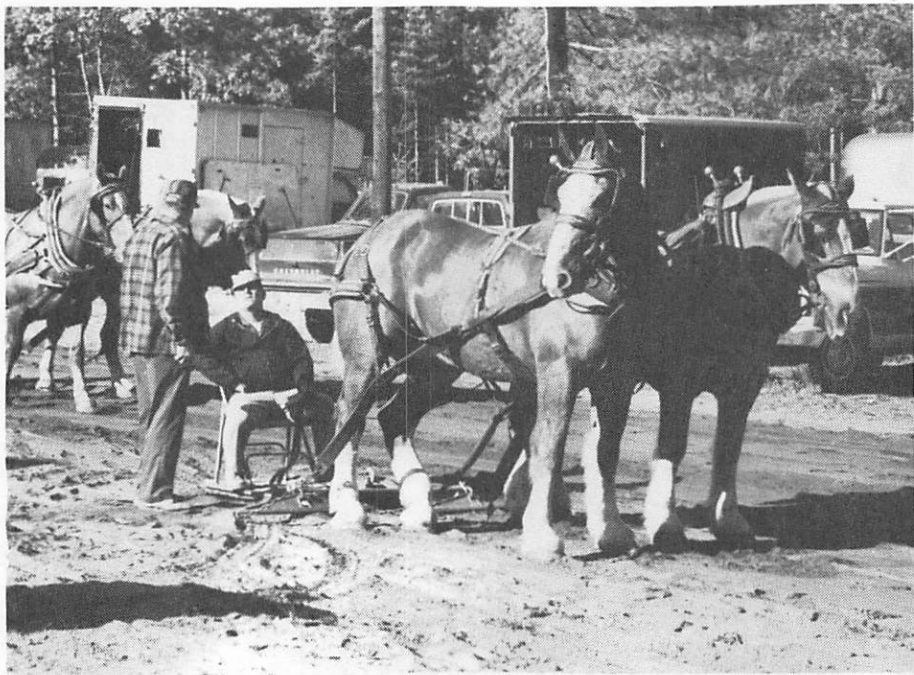
The pictures on these four pages present the animals of Fryeburg Fair and their careful caretakers.



A huge fair, it features pulling and animal judging as well as parimutuel horse-racing, and fall foliage too.

As the saying goes, you'll meet everyone you know in Maine eventually . . . and probably at Fryeburg Fair!

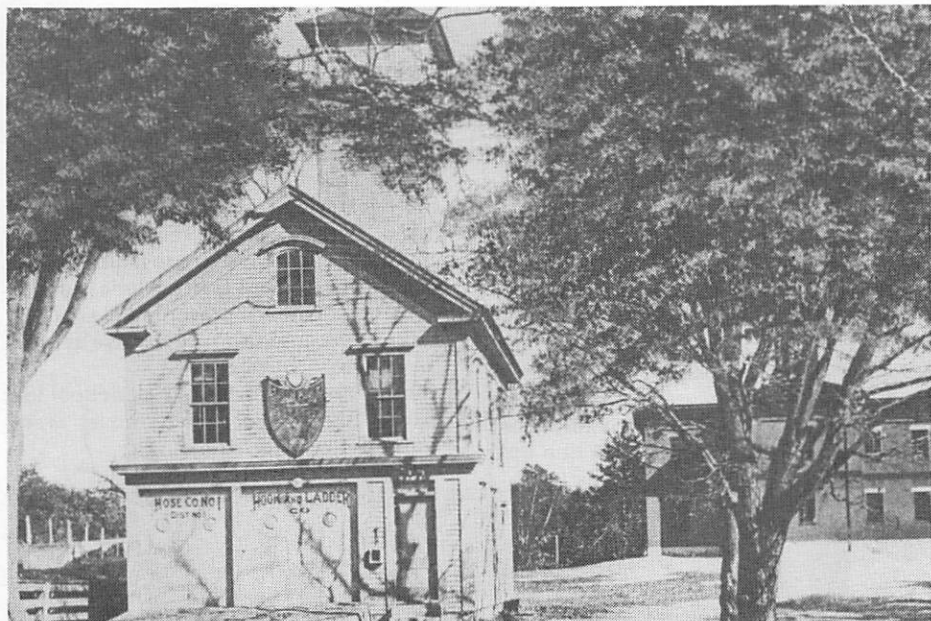




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The Life of A Fire Engine House

The First in South Paris

by Martha Fletcher

A white-clapboarded, two story, high-posted dwelling at 22 Maple Street, South Paris has had an interesting history—it began life as a fire engine house. Its birthdate could not be unearthed from any town records located by the writer.

The first South Paris Fire Engine House was erected before 1830 on the northwest corner of the Brick School grounds close to East Main Street and not far from Market Square. No doubt the purpose was to provide central adequate housing for all the equipment which was distributed to five companies throughout the town in the mid 1800's.

"The Book of Records" belonging to the Paris Fire Engine Company, Oxford County, states that the volunteer fire department of South Paris, shire town of Oxford County, began operation June 19, 1830. A warrant from the selectmen nominated Benjamin G. Royal, Master; Henry Parsons, Director; James Deering, Clerk; and Elisha Morse, to take charge of the engine and keep it in repair. They were to hold office for one year. They adopted thirteen rules: one that the engine company should hold

annual meetings on the last Saturday of May and monthly meeting on the last Saturday of each month; another that the Master should take command at fires. The Director was to cooperate and advise with the Master and in the Master's absence exercise the same powers and be liable to the same duties. Firemen were paid 50¢ an hour for a fire and 50¢ for attending drill. If absent from a meeting they forfeited 50¢.

Equipment consisted of two leather fire buckets or tubs on a cart with sharves, a hand pumper and two hose reels. The equipment was first hauled by hand but later by horses and then by a Model T Ford. In 1931 the town purchased a gasoline-powered Dodge truck to haul the hose and later a pump to put on the truck. A member of the company furnished the first ten-foot ladder. Later a ladder truck and three pumper trucks were purchased—each capable of pumping 500 gallons of water a minute.

The South Paris Fire Department hand tubs were built in 1854 by Hannaman, an apprentice of Paul Revere. The last fire at which the tubs were used occurred in 1916. The engine pumped

water for the last time at a fire in 1932. The restoration of the fire engine was completed in 1976; a coat of bright blue paint making it highly visible. If you would like to view the restored fire engine, ask the firemen to point out to you the beautiful blue engine hidden in back of several modern fire trucks in the fire station on Pine Street.

At firemen's musters the restored engine is brought out for action and has won many awards. Contests are often held in July or August with teams from Norway, Mechanic Falls, Turner, Topsham, Bath, Auburn or Lewiston and teams from New Hampshire and Massachusetts towns. The firemen line up

department the evening after the annual town meeting in March.

Upstairs in the engine house there was a "hall" which was used for Boy Scouts' club meetings, Lumley Castle Band rehearsals, small dances and high school sociables. Seats accommodated the overflow of elementary grade students. Flora Webster remembers that glass blowers gave a program at the engine "hall". The Delta Alphas of the Methodist Church presented dramas or plays in the engine house to raise money for the new church.

This building on the Brick School lot had a high tower where hoses were hung to dry after fires.



Fire tubs drawn by two horses in Market Square at a parade in the 1920's
Story info. came from John Bryant, Herman Barnett, Glenna Starbird,
Roland Swan and Flora Webster

and vigorously pump the water by hand to determine which company can shoot the farthest.

In the early days of the fire department, five hose companies with their houses were located in different sections of the town as follows: No. 1 Company at Brick School House on East Main Street, No. 2 on Hill Street, No. 3 on High Street, No. 4 on Western Avenue (where Andrew Eastman's antique shop was later located), and No. 5 at Hick's Crossing near Goodwin's Restaurant and Motel.

South Paris Village Corporation provided money for the fire department. In 1965 the corporation was dissolved and the town acquired the property. Money was then raised each year for the fire

The town of South Paris has been unfortunate in having many fires in the history of the fire department. One of the earliest fires was at the Paris Sled Factory in 1886.

On May 9, 1894 all available men and apparatus from Paris were dispatched to fight the terrible fire that destroyed 80 business establishments and homes on Main Street, Norway. That fire started in the boiler room of C. B. Cummings Mill.

Flora Webster of South Paris recalls that a hotel on the lot where Ripley and Fletcher Garage stands today burned on December 15, 1898.

On April 20, 1906 the Toy Shop, Max-
im's Mill and house burned. The Farmer's Union had destructive fires in 1914 and

1943. On February 18, 1921 the IOOF Hall on Market Square burned down.

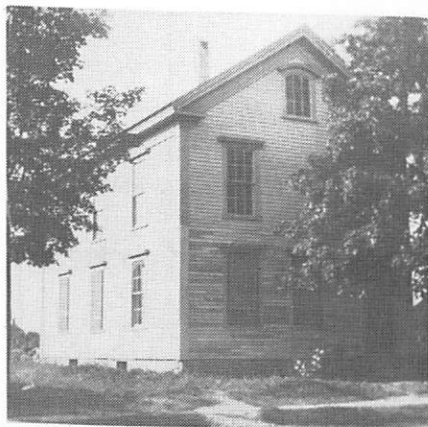
A fire destroyed the movie house and stores on the first floor where the present Association Hall stands in the winter of 1922. The operator of the movie projector, Frank Maxim, was severely burned. People attending the movie left by way of the fire escape on the back of the building. No other casualties occurred. Ice formed on the building as soon as water from the hoses was turned on the fire. I recall the noise of the piano from the movie hall crashing through the floor into the Shurtleff Pharmacy below as I watched from the windows in the parlor of our home on Maple Street.

In 1927, five buildings on Market Square and Pine Street were totally destroyed and six were badly damaged by flames. They included the W. O. Frothingham shoe store with the upstairs occupied by Harry Lowell, his wife and daughter; the Chester Morrill Block with restaurant and family rent on second floor. Harry Lowell discovered flames at back of these buildings and rescued his wife and daughter. He was unable to save the life of Mrs. Lowell's father, Elisha Turner, 85 years old, who was sleeping on the third floor and was overcome by smoke. Damage was estimated at \$100,000. Twelve families were made homeless. Five large buildings were destroyed and six were badly damaged.

Former fire chief Gay lost his own house November 2, 1946. In 1947 Paris and Norway had a "firebug" loose in the area. A. W. Walker and Sons (a farm equipment store), Paris Farmer's Union and Millett Upholstery Building near Ripley and Fletcher's Garage had big fires.

The most disastrous fire in the history of the South Paris Fire Department was the fire at the Wilner Wood Products Company in February 1951, when a wood flour mill blew up and killed four men working in the plant and sent five others to the hospital. That blaze was fought from 10 p.m. until 9 a.m. the next day.

In 1961 the large barn on the Henry Fletcher property and the back wall of the house at 20 Maple Street, South Paris burned. The firemen saved the rest of the house and dwellings on both



Fire engine house after removal to Henry Fletcher lot on Maple St., South Paris, 1918.

sides by their prompt and courageous efforts.

The South Paris Fire Company battled the fire at the home of Dr. Joseph Quinn on Paris Hill for seven hours in 1978. This blaze was believed to have been caused by lightning.

A second period in the life of the engine house began in 1917. This period produced a change in the use of the building and its location. The Superintendent of Schools in his Annual Report to the Municipal Officers of the Town of Paris dated February 1, 1916 stated that the Brick School was not adequate to meet the requirements made of it. It was expected that a building would have to be hired to accommodate the overflow students in the fall.

In March, 1917 Article 21 of the town meeting directed that the corporation vote to raise money to buy a suitable lot for a new fire station near Market Square. The Paris town meeting voted to replace the Brick School House with a new building of brick, and to pay for it with the proceeds of an issue of bonds for the sum of \$35,000 for the term of twenty years, optional after five years. Lawyer Walter L. Gray advised the voters that when a new school house was built, there would not be room on the lot for the engine house.

On April 10, 1917 the South Paris Village Corporation reported that they voted to purchase a lot of land on Pine Street of Mrs. L. J. Briggs for \$475.00

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for a fire station location; instructed the assessors to dispose of the present building to the best advantage; and appointed a committee to investigate the matter of a new building. The purchase of the L. J. Briggs lot for \$475.00 was approved. Since Mrs. Briggs did not want the old engine house moved to her lot, a vote was moved to tear down, sell, or otherwise dispose of the present house in the most advantageous manner, the proceeds to apply on a new house.

Bids for the sale of the engine house were opened the last week of April, 1917. Four bids were received as follows: Henry Fletcher, \$235.00; J. H. Stuart, \$137.50; O. K. Clifford, \$126.00; and W. G. Pratt, \$125.00.

Since the bid of Henry Fletcher was the highest, the building was sold to him. Permission was granted to Mr. Fletcher by the owners of lots between the Brick School and Maple Street to move the engine house across their lots to his lot on Maple Street. At that time, Leota Schoff, a jeweler, owned the house next to the school yard; Byron Tuttle had a hotel on the next lot; George Eastman ran a men's furnishing store on the third lot; and Leander Billings' lumber yard occupied the fourth lot. The Grange Hall stood across Maple Street from Mr. Fletcher's lot so it was the last hurdle to cross.

Hose apparatus of Company 1, including the Hook and Ladder Company, was removed on May 15, 1917 from the engine house to the sheds of C. W. Bowker at the rear of the post office. By this date Mr. Fletcher had the hose tower torn down.

T. L. Heath of Norway had charge of the job of moving the engine house to Henry Fletcher's lot on Maple Street. The route was back through the school lot to a point opposite the school house, then across the back end of the five lots mentioned above. A track of long timbers was laid for the rollers or telephone poles and blocked up where necessary. Six horses, according to Herman Barnett, provided the power for the transfer to the new lot. One pair of horses belonged to William Ripley and another pair to Fred Bennett. Will Pratt played a large part in this move which took about three days.

Louise Silver Jackson recalls how excited the children at the Brick School were while watching the removal of the engine house.

The Oxford Democrat on September 11, 1917 stated that the exigencies of the school house situation required the establishment of the Maple Street School. The third and fourth grade classes were to occupy the old engine house building. Miss Helen Barnes (later Mrs. Shaw), was to have the fourth grade pupils and Miss Iona Littlehale (later Mrs. Andrews) would have the third grade, except those children who belonged in the territory of the Pleasant Street School.

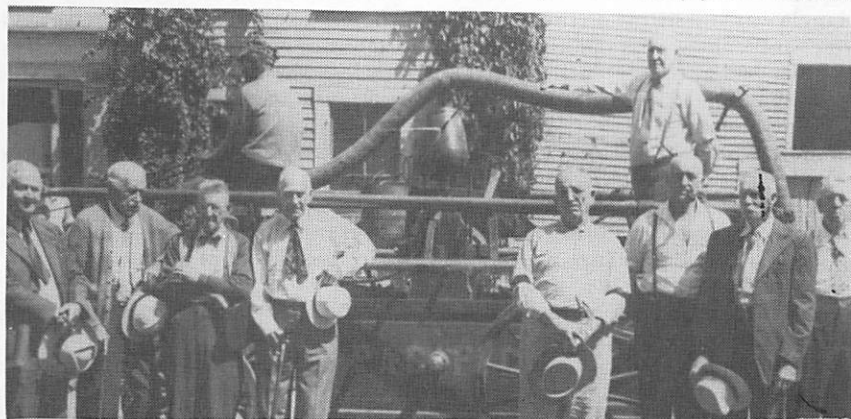
Mr. Fletcher had toilets installed on each floor. Wall board was used to cover the studded walls and to make partitions where the halls and stairs were located. Water and electricity were brought into the building. Sewer pipes were laid to connect with the pipes on Maple Street. The music racks and firemen's caps that survived the move were disposed of and text books and chairs were provided by the town for the students.

This situation continued until a new school house was completed. At that

time a third period in the history of the engine house began. Remodeling from two class rooms to two rents included partitions to make living rooms, bathrooms, and closets on each floor of the original engine house. An ell was added to accommodate kitchens, closets and pantries. Sheds and garages for both families were connected to the ell. Screened porches were built on the front of the building. At a later date ceilings of both living rooms, up and downstairs, were lowered by a tenant who was a carpenter.

This third period in its history lasted until December, 1976 when the property was bought by Mr. and Mrs. Arnold R. Smith, formerly from Maine but presently in business in Houston, Texas.

A fifth period in the history of the engine house began about a year ago when Mr. Smith and his wife made a gift of the former Fletcher property to the South Paris Congregational Church. This will help to further projects for Christian Education of youth in the church. It is hoped that this historic structure will continued to serve a useful purpose for many years to come.



Men who manned the century-old pump: (l. to r.) Vernal Edwards, Irving Andrews, Horace Edwards, Harry Holden, Willis Edwards (atop engine), Harold Gammon, William Porter, Charles Cutler, A.D. Wing

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... Page 14 The Wedding Day

both disappeared inside the house for a few moments and all was quiet.

"Well, Ben, we'd best get going or you'll be late for your own wedding. It sure won't seem the same at home without you," said the smaller of the two men as they came out of the front door.

"Ah, Davie, you'll be glad to get rid of me, I know . . . And, besides, it won't be long 'til you'll be marrying yourself. Too bad you won't find a gal as sweet as my Susannah!"

Ben locked the door, Davie untied the horses, both climbed into the wagon and disappeared down the road.

Maggie was still sitting on the step. She wasn't sure if she was dreaming or what. Those men had never even seen her. How was that possible? How could there be a house there now where there was only a cellar hole when she arrived? And how long had she been there, anyhow? It was all very strange and she was about to call Muff and go home when she heard horses' feet again. She tried to get up and couldn't seem to move. She looked toward the driveway in time to see one horse and a small carriage turn in. It pulled up and stopped and Ben leaped out and tied the horse, then came around to help a very lovely girl out of the carriage.

"Welcome home, Mrs. Knight!" said Ben, as he lifted her down.

"Oh, Ben, it's beautiful! I never thought you'd have time to get it all done! It's no wonder you haven't had time to visit."

Ben looked proudly at the house he had built, and looked even more proudly at the woman he had built it for. Susannah, with her auburn hair and creamy complexion, was the pretties girl in town, and his at last!

"I hope you like it, dear, and I hope you

will always be happy here."

Susannah smiled up at her handsome husband and knew how difficult words like that were for him to say. He was an intelligent and fairly well educated man, but ridiculously shy for the size of him, Susannah always thought.

"Well," said Ben, getting red in the face, "we'll go in and see how things are, then I must put Nell away. She'll stand for a few minutes longer, I expect."

And with that, he lightly picked Susannah up and carried her in his arms up the step (so close to Maggie!) and into the house.

Ben set Susannah on her feet, but didn't let go of her. As they stood in their own front hall, with the door open to the autumn sunshine, Susannah said to Ben in a voice filled with emotion:

"I know a girl's wedding day is supposed to be the happiest in her life, Ben, and this day is no exception. I'm so proud and happy to be your wife, and I know we'll be happy together. But some of the closeness I feel comes from the house. You built your love for me into it and I can feel it everywhere. I can see it in the care you have taken to make things the way you know I like, and everyone else will see that, too. But I think others will also feel the love that this house holds for us, who will love it back, and the children who will be born and grow up here and love it. It is the most wonderful house in the world, Ben, and you are the most wonderful husband in the world."

Susannah smiled radiantly up at Ben as he closed the front door.

Maggie felt something wet on her hand and looked to find Muff licking her, and wagging her whole rear end and saying it was time to go home. She couldn't believe she had been sleeping, but what she had just experienced simply could not be real—could it? Maggie looked around at the overgrown dooryard—the tired old maples still staunchly doing their job. She looked behind her at the cellar hole and just for a moment thought she heard the sound of a woman's happy laughter . . .

Then she and Muff set off for home.

Martha Shaw has written for BitterSweet before, from her home in Bridgton. The illustrator was Betsy Hanscom of South Windham.

Counting on Carrots

by Beatrice H. Comas

Even when there is little else in the vegetable bin, we can usually count on carrots. We toss them into soup, cook them with pot roast and boil them, but the carrot deserves more attention and respect. We can put the carrot in tandem with another vegetable or vegetables, or with fruits, herbs, and spices, and we can change the carrot's rather drab image when we let it lend its color and sweet nuttiness to unusual side-dishes. We are so lucky to have this "sunshine and gold" vegetable available year-round.

Mystery Carrots

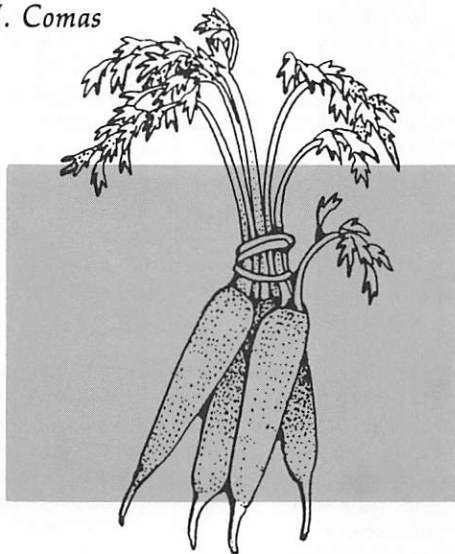
- 8 medium-size carrots
- 2 tablespoons butter or margarine
- 1 medium onion, grated
- 8 ounces sharp cheddar cheese, grated
- ½ teaspoon salt
- ⅛ teaspoon pepper
- Green pepper
- Crumbs
- Additional butter or margarine (optional)
- Parsley (garnish)

Pare, slice and boil carrots until tender. Mash carrots well. Add butter or margarine, onion and cheese. Place carrot mixture in a buttered 1-quart casserole. Add chopped green pepper and sprinkle top with crumbs and butter or margarine before baking. Bake in a preheated 350°F. oven for 40 minutes, or until bubbly. Garnish with parsley. Serves 8.

Zucchini and Carrot Stir-Fry

- 2 tablespoons butter
- 2 tablespoons oil
- 6 medium zucchini, cut into julienne strips
- 6 medium carrots, cut into julienne strips
- Salt
- Freshly ground pepper

Heat butter and oil in large skillet or wok over high heat. Add vegetables and stir-fry until crisp-tender. Sprinkle with salt and pepper and serve hot. Serves 6.



Carrot-Rice Casserole

- 4 cups water
- 1 tablespoon instant chicken bouillon granules
- ½ teaspoon salt
- 2 cups chopped carrot
- 1½ cups regular rice
- 2 tablespoons butter or margarine
- ½ teaspoon dried thyme, crushed
- ½ cup shredded sharp American cheese

In saucepan, bring water, bouillon granules, and salt to boiling. Stir in carrot, rice, butter or margarine, and thyme. Return to boiling. Turn mixture into a 2-quart casserole. Bake, covered, at 325°F. for 25 minutes. Stir. Sprinkle with cheese. Bake, uncovered, about 5 minutes longer. Garnish with parsley, if desired. Serves 8.

Peanut and Carrot Salad

- 2 cups grated carrots
- 1 cup ground peanuts
- 1 tablespoon grated onion
- Salt (optional)
- ½ cup mayonnaise
- Lettuce or chicory
- 1 tomato cut into thin wedges

Combine carrots, peanuts, onion, salt and mayonnaise. Mix lightly and serve on crisp lettuce or chicory. Garnish with tomato wedges. Serves 6.

Baked Carrots and Apples

8 medium carrots, cut in 1/2-inch pieces
6 apples, peeled, cored and sliced
1/4 cup honey
2 tablespoons butter or margarine
Paprika

Cook carrots, covered, in boiling salted water until tender. Drain. Stir in apples and honey. Turn into 9-inch pie plate. Dot with butter or margarine. Cover. Bake at 350°F. for 50 to 55 minutes. Stir. Sprinkle with paprika. Bake, uncovered, 10 minutes. Serves 8.

Curried Carrots and Pineapple

1 13 1/2-ounce can pineapple chunks
8 medium carrots, cut into strips
1/2 teaspoon curry powder (more if desired)
1/2 teaspoon salt
1/8 teaspoon pepper

Drain pineapple syrup into measuring cup, reserving pineapple chunks. Add enough water to syrup to make 1 cup liquid. Pour into medium skillet. Add carrot strips, curry, salt and pepper. Cover and cook over medium heat about 10 minutes or until fork-tender. Stir in pineapple chunks and cook, covered, a few minutes to heat through. Serves 5 to 6.

Orange Roasted Carrots

1 pound carrots
4 teaspoons butter or margarine
2 tablespoons orange juice
1 tablespoon brown sugar
1/2 teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons chopped fresh parsley

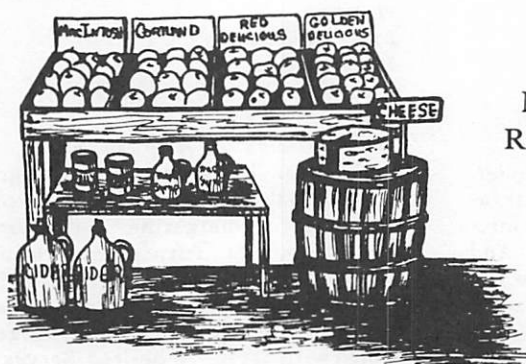
Pare carrots and cut into 1/2 x 3-inch length strips. Place in 1 1/2-quart shallow baking dish. Dot with butter. Mix orange juice, brown sugar and salt. Pour over carrots. Cover loosely with foil and bake in a 350°F. oven 25 minutes. Remove foil and bake 20 minutes longer or until carrots are tender, stirring occasionally. Sprinkle with parsley. Serves 4.

Lemon-Basil Carrots

1 pound baby carrots cut in 2 1/2-inch pieces
2 tablespoons butter or margarine
1 tablespoon lemon juice
1/2 teaspoon garlic salt
1/2 teaspoon dried basil, crushed
1/8 teaspoon pepper

Serves 4 to 6.

In a saucepan, cook carrots in boiling salted water for 20 to 25 minutes or until tender. Drain. In saucepan, melt butter or margarine. Stir in lemon juice, garlic salt, basil, and pepper. Add carrots. Toss.



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A Visit From Rose

Fiction by R. S. Waite

She stood on the porch, her very own porch, and looked out contentedly at the fiery October sunshine. It didn't really matter that packing crates and boxes were strewn in every room like huge, carelessly-tossed children's blocks. Nothing really mattered but the reality of being there, the joy of a first house, so solidly planted in the stony Maine soil. All the frustrations and patience, the scrimping and grinding work dissolved in the sheer pleasure of that one instant in time, standing mesmerized on the porch.

And then a slight sense of something off in the very corner of her eye made her turn slightly; she stared in surprise to find someone sharing her moment and her porch, someone who had arrived in such silence.

"Hello," she smiled in greeting, for her unexpected guest was a young girl of perhaps six or seven years, sitting primly atop the granite front step. She was dressed in an ivory-white long dress, one with enough ruffles and lace that the effect was of an immaculate, oversized antique doll.

Upon being addressed, the child turned toward her, displaying an enchanting face, clear and sweet, with two piercing brown eyes seemingly too large for one so young. For a moment she stared, then her eyes cleared and focused in; a smile rose in answer.

"Hello," she said in clear, high tones. "You like it here." That came from the child as a statement.

"Indeed I do; this is the most wonderful place I've ever been."

"Me too. Poppa told me this was Home, and he said I'd never have to leave, less'n I wanted to."

She thought that an odd thing to say, for the house had stood empty for quite some time, according to the realtor, and the previous owners had been an elderly retired couple—so where did a little girl fit in? But, then, there were some neighboring homes, just barely visible through the trees along the edges of the front fields. Yes, this must be one of the neighbor kids, come in her Sunday dress to see the new folks. Perhaps.

"What's your name, child?"

"Rose, ma'am—I was named for them," and she pointed to the large rose bushes that grew in abundance all about the house.

"Well, Rose, since you seem to know the house so well, perhaps you'd like to give me the Grand Tour?" This was said with a smile and but a touch of mild sarcasm, but the child took it at face value, solemnly rising and stepping daintily up, hesitating but a second before passing into the house. The two of them made a full exploratory trip throughout the house, the adult listening first in amusement, then in amazement to the chattering way of the child as she went unerringly from room to room, giving a running commentary, plus snippets of trivia her Poppa had told her.

They entered every room but one: the old nursery. Here Rose paused at the doorway and would not enter—only stood twisting an embroidered cuff while staring in with a look of what may have been

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sorrow, or hunger, or even envy. All she would say was, "It feels sad in there, that's all." Then they moved on, the woman casting a bewildered look back at the empty room, filled only with faded and peeling wallpaper showing laughing bunnies and ducks.

Coming back into the sunshine from the back door was more than dazzling, and when her eyes stopped tear-ing she looked about for Rose. She spied her standing back-to, in a small grove perhaps sixty feet away, head-down as if in deep thought—or sorrow. Rose looked over her shoulder at the noise of her approach, and in her crystal-clear tones, said, "I know that you'll be happy here. This is such a wonderful place, and I hope that you'll stay forever. I love you." With that she turned and slipped into the shadows of some bushes beside her. In pursuit, the woman tripped over something hard and unyielding, and went sprawling. Brushing the dry soil from her hands, she parted the tall grass and stared down at a small gravestone. Peering closer, she read the hand-chiseled words upon its face:

ROSE

dau. of

Hazediah & Katherine
died Ae 6yr 1mo 2dys
LAID HERE IN LOVE

Oct. 31, 1912

Trembling and troubled, the woman rose and looked all around her. Silence and solitude enveloped her. Slowly she began backing away until she had room to turn and run from the grove.

And when she came around the corner of the house, her house, there on the front step, glistening still with the morning dew, was one single perfect white rose.

The second of our two tales of the unexplained and bittersweet past was written by R. S. Waite, a Paris Hill gunsmith and writer.

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Norway woman to her granddaughter.

Dear Carolyn,

In Nebraska



October, 1983

What fun to have you actually want to know more about your grandma's first adventure into the wide, wide world! Since that trip covered over 9,000 miles, I had better get on with the story.

I think I left you as we had just reached Chicago after a day of travel from White Pigeon, Michigan; through Indiana along the famous Sand Dunes and Lake Michigan; through the ugly, dirty, smoky steel mill area of Gary, Indiana; through cities that all seemed to join so that it was hard to tell when you had left one and come into another; then up Michigan Avenue, right into the heart of the city and eventually to the home of our hosts for four exciting days and nights.

They had planned for our every waking moment, for they wanted us to see why they had exchanged quiet New England for the hurly-burly of Chicago. They started by showing us the rather extensive poor tenement districts, then the huge new apartment houses where, we were amazed to learn, the *monthly* rent was \$800—nearly two-thirds of my *yearly* salary in 1928!

We justified their pride in their city's splendid museum, and in the fascinating zoo. Chicago was one of the first cities to house its wild animals in areas as near as possible to their natural habitat. Of course, we had to see the business section, including their "Wall Stree" (LaSalle Street), the public gardens and beaches, the lovely campus of Northwestern University,

Marshall Field's (a huge, block-long department store), their large Chinatown, and the area known as Cicero, populated almost exclusively by blacks. I believe General Motors now has an automobile plant there.

Most interesting to us was an area known as "The Ghetto," chiefly occupied by Jews, where a constant sort of giant flea market was laid out, with every conceivable saleable item piled on counters, tables, push carts, and anything else that would hold things. They filled the sidewalks and overflowed into most of the roadway. There were always customers.

Our host insisted we must see the brand-new Stevens Hotel, at that time the largest in the U.S. It was a palatial place of 3500 rooms, plus showrooms, ballrooms with beautiful crystal chandeliers, its own laundry, power plant, telephone central, and ice-making plant. At home, in 1928, we were still cutting our ice on New England ponds during the winter and storing it in sawdust-filled ice houses for use in warm weather! The hotel was 25 stories (three below ground) and we went from top to bottom. Of special interest to the nutritionist in our traveling group was their immense, spotless kitchen. She absorbed much; all I can remember is the tremendous soup kettle simmering on the range. Into it went all the celery tops, odds and ends of vegetables, soup bones, and goodness knows what else, for it was the source of the hotel's famous consommé.

An unforgettable memory is our trip to the stock yards. It was a large, dingy, dirty district with a nauseating odor and, near the abattoir, pens for animals awaiting "their turn." The pigs were led in, given a shower, pulled up by the hind leg to overhead rails by a revolving hoisting wheel, and stabbed. Ugh! We wished we had not come. Poor little lambs went meekly to their fate with never a sound. Hogs went to soaking vats, then to dehairing machines from which they emerged the pink, smoothly-shaven creatures we knew from our meat markets. Though the rest of the process was very clean and very educational, it was the sort of experience that took away all appetite for dinner that night or for meat in the many days to come.

Along with the sightseeing was something we rarely see any more: we were taken to two theatres with huge, beautifully-decorated lobbies and viewing areas. There were paintings, tapestries, chandeliers, and much ornate woodwork. Both had ushers uniformed to rival a king's guard; both had live, permanent orchestras. A full-length movie ("Rain," with Sadie Thompson on one place; "Ladies of the Mob," with the *It* Girl, Clara Bow, in the other) and a news reel were followed by several acts of vaudeville. Those were the days!

By the time our four days came to an end, we felt we knew Chicago, and we had decided that it was not so difficult to drive in, after all, provided one went speedily and carefully. Unlike New England, with its roads full of curves to skirt lakes and hills, the west is flat and streets are laid out in squares, numbered or lettered to make one's way relatively simple. The chief need of the driver was to be quick, for cars passed on both right and left—and if you dallied at a light change, you took a chance on being hit.

Exciting as it all had been, we were not sorry to leave, and each of us decided it was "a nice place to visit, but we wouldn't want to live there!" So, on a warm July 2, we headed for Iowa and Nebraska. This meant traveling through the flat, uninteresting remainder of Illinois, and crossing the Mississippi River, famed in history and literature. Amusing as it now seems, we were much disappointed to find it such a muddy river, but we could

see how easily it could rise to overflow its banks and cause so much damage at flood times. The toll for crossing, by the way, was 40¢.

Our first impression of Iowa was that it must surely raise all the corn the world would ever need; for mile after mile, acre after acre, along its straight, wide, dusty gravel roads, about all there was to see was corn, corn, corn . . . and black pigs, with occasional other grains and some cattle. We were also aware of very strong winds, with nothing to break the flatness all the way to the Rockies. Generally, houses in both Iowa and Nebraska had windmills—presumably for power and to get underground water, for ponds and lakes and rivers (to which we were accustomed) seemed almost non-existent there.

The fields were cultivated by machines drawn by teams of horses—sometimes one pair, often several. The few houses we passed seemed dwarfed by the huge silos; and, no matter what the state of the house, the silos were in top condition. Invariably, it was the house and farmyard that were fenced in, for, with acreage so vast, that was more sensible.

I have told you that it was warm. As the hours passed, the day got hotter and hotter until, by mid-day, you could have baked a cake in that car, and our only relief was to take off our shoes and stick our bare feet out the windows. The heat and the monotony of the corn scenery made us all sleepy and, except for the driver, we all took naps. When we awakened from sleep, it seemed we could not have moved an inch—so much alike was each passing mile.

To add to our discomfort, there were so many detours we added 50 miles to our journey the first day, and it was eight p.m. before we reached Independence, our scheduled stopping place. But the campground was a good one, there were no mosquitoes, and—wonder of wonders—everything was free.

Well, Carolyn dear, I am getting writer's cramp. I will have to continue the journey of four young girls in my next letter.

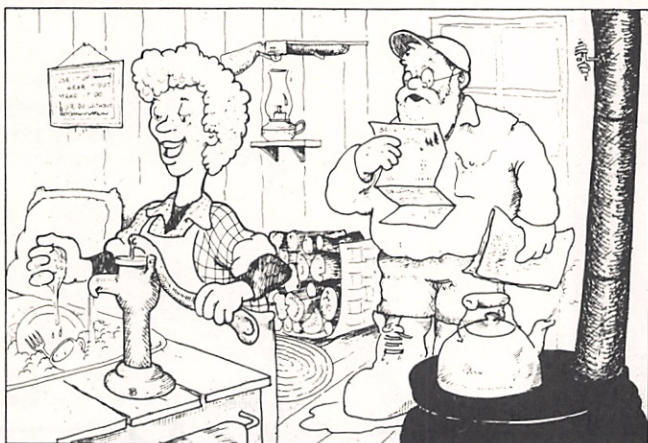
Love,
Grandma Harlow

Continued next month.

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TH' MAIL THIS MUNNIN? / GUESS I KIN THROW IT OUT... SEEMZ WE ALREADY GOT ONE.

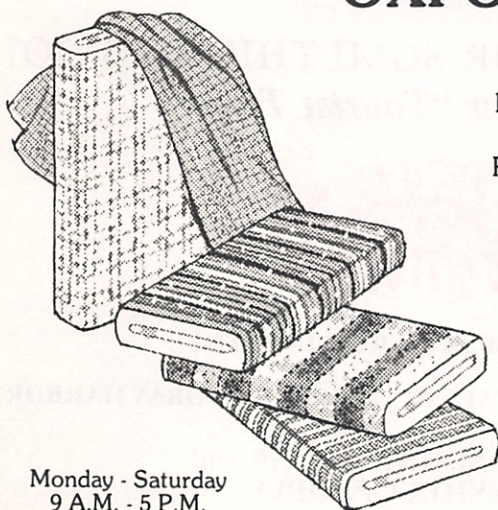
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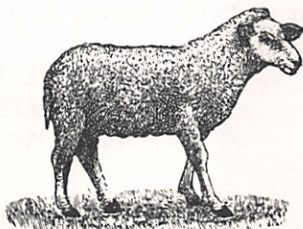


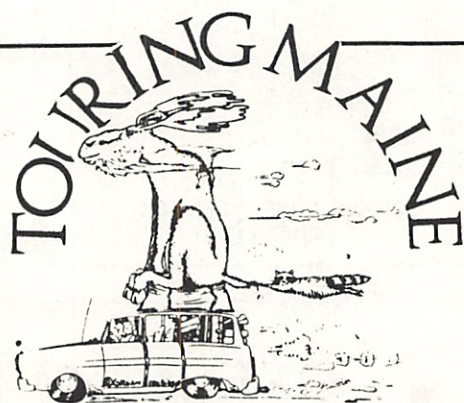
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